Nem5

A Brother's Keeper.

A WOMAN'S WORK OF LOYE AND DUTY

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD. AUTHOR OF "CRAQUE O' DOOM," "STEPHEN GUTHRIE," "THE LONE MAN'S

GUTHRIE," "THE LONE MAN CABIN," AND OTHER STORIES,

[Copyrighted, 1837, by the A. N. Kellogg Newspa-The trivial experiences of common people.

mere atoms in the universe, may seem scarcely worth the great reader's attention, until he remembers that he is himself mere ly one of those atoms, and that the ancient of all readers unceasingly cons this primer world and its simple combinations.

Several people were grouped around the deep red fire, over which hung three iron kettles breathing an odorous steam into the air. Beyond this stood a tent of poles covered with brush and blankets, where the men who tended camp slept. It was a close-Tom Holmes, in one of his woolly over-

coats, was stretched at the roots of a tree smoking. Randy Thompson, insulated by silence, sat upright and attentive near the fire. A sister of the two men who were boiling sugar occasionally helped them try a ladle-full in cold water, or took her turn at the long stirer. As Gurley approached the camp he noticed these people after he had seen that McArdle was there sitting by Phœbe White

To her black dress Phoebe White had added a scarlet shawl, looping it around her waist and hooding one corner over her head. He felt sure no influence of the dark out-doors world was lost upon her. She was listening to other sounds besides Mc-Ardle's remarks. She heard the first sighings of spring in the tops of naked trees. "You're late, my lad," said Holmes, rising to meet Gurley and his horse, and at

once taking hold of the bridle. "But 'tain't sugared yet," called out the elder of the boilers. "Mose, he poured a bucketful of cold sugar-water in the kittle when my back was turned." "I didn't do no such thing," retorted

Mose. "Twas you went to sleep early in the evenin' 'at let the fire go out." "Me went to sleep! when everybody in the destrick knows you ain't never half awake. Folks mind yet how you used to sit in school all day with your chin on your

"There sin't one word o' truth in it," muttered Mose, fixing his torpid regards on

"This looks like the gypsy scene in Tro-watere," lifting his hat as he joined the party, "even to the anvil-chorus. Adam and Mose are going to fall to and hammer

"It is rather picturesque," admitted Mc-Ardle, looking about him. "But I apprehend you find it different from Miss Fawcett's dining-room." "Miss Fawcetts drawing-room is not to

be allowed any picturesqueness, then ?" re- the mellowing story first." "Ionly meant in point of fact," McArdle might call sylvan; while down at Fawcett

House the refinements of life are-I would | the heart." say—paramount."
"Who's Miss Fawcett," inquired Phoebe "She is a very beautiful, very wealthy young lady," explained McArdle, "who has just returned from foreign travel to her nomestead not far from Gurlev's, 1 believe it is understood," added McArdle

considered a fortunate thing, under the cir-"This 'sn't a bad nag, Jack," remarked Tom Holmes, finishing a critical examina-tion of Gurley's saddle-horse. "But she'll never make a goer. You could have found

more points for the money." "Let me see her," said Phoebe, coming to for unlimited basking. look at the pretty animal. "She has a no just like velvet. If I wer baying a horse I nid in a velvet nose." Phæbe

put one arm across the shining neck and she and the horse exchanged a caress. "My goodness!" exclaimed Randy. "Kiss a horse! That's most as simple as them heathens worshipin' dumb beasts." "You like a horse, don't you?" said Gur-

Indeed, yes. What do you call her?" "Bess. Do you ride?" "I have always known how to ride-my fashion. It's as good as being like thos Centaurs; and not half so clumsy."

ley to Phœbe, with appreciation.

"I'd consider it a favor if you'd ride her sometimes," said Gurley. "Oh, would you!" "Yes; Pve really thought of making lady's horse of her.' Phoebe rubbed her cheek against the

mare's warm neck. "I would so love to get upon her now." "But she isn't properly saddled for you."
"I don't mind about saddles. If you don'

'Oh, I don't object," said Gurley, laugh

ing, "except on account of your safety." He stooped to receive her foot, and in an instant she and Bess had shot away through "That girl will get her neck broke," ex

claimed Randy Thompson, apprehensively.
"You were careless, Gurley," declared McArdie, coming forward with disapproval "Let her alone," said Tom Holmes spreading smoke around himself. "I shouldn't be afraid to see that little thing mount a tiger if she took the notion. Besides, that nag of Jack's isn't going to run with anybody." " I'll put up all I paid for her, Tom, that

you'll be wanting to buy that nag of me before six months. It's a way you have of abusing my choice and then begging it Phœbe came back in a few moments

slipping to the ground and taking the bridle on her arm, as the horse paused. Both were exhilarated by the run; and she tied the hitching-strap in a horseman's knot around a branch by the time Gurley was at "Oh, it was delightful. We rushed like

wind to the very edge of Black Hollow. And there we stood still and looked across at the lonesomest light that shone like some thing one-eyed just ready to spring at And then we scoured away from it as

the midst of wealthy civiliyou heard of him yet, Miss ie's a hermit, and as ugly a ature as you would want to meet. They tell that some woman jilted him a century or so ago, and soured him against the race. But it's my opinion the old wretch was too stingy ever to get married. He is credited with keeping barrels of money in that old den. We don't know where he came from. He and his house were suddenly there, like a toadstool. Some of the neighbors think he is crazy, but his wits all come home when he makes a bargain. He keeps his own house, and I don't think anybody in this region has ever seen the inside of it."

"I seen it onct," said Nease, the sugarboiler. "The boys said he'd melted all his money together and made a gold stove. So I peeked at the winder when he'd gone off, but jest then he come up behind me makin' that noise in his head, and I disre-

"He's got an infirmity in his speed said Randy, "and that's a great mercy, for folks can't tell what he's a sayin' when he abuses them."

Phobe sat looking in the fire with her hands crossed on her lap. Adam and Mose piled on more brush and the boiling liquid The ashen front head had a delicacy of text-

ure which was almost infant like." "But you ain't tellin' about In'juns," com-"Hear what the kettles say. What do plained Mose, curling himself around in anthey say to you, Randy?", other attitude.

"Double, double, toil and trouble,' is the make no noise, but step by step through the Shakespearean rendering of what boiling

cauldrons say, I believe," answered Mc dark woods they are coming." Ardle, with lightness and grace.

"That's witch's nonsense," puffed Holmes "These here kittles," interpreted Adam, 'says if they have good luck and Mosedon't go to sleep and dip his head in them that they'll sugar off before long." "This is what they say, said Phœbe:

I NEVER COULD TELL A STORY TO ORDER.

trouble, effort double.' They say it over and

said McArdle, "and draw lots for the envi-

able opportunity."

'Suppose we do tell'a limited number.'

"I never could tell a story to order," said

McArdle had already taken out his note-

book; he cut slips into his hat.
"Put the shadow of a subject on those

fatal papers," urged Gurley, "so the vic-

"Good," said McArdle, sharpening his

"The thought of bein' scalped is wakenin'

"Give us something pathetic—with tears in it," proposed Tom Holmes, with a com-

"Indians-Tears," voted McArdle. "One

"Something about the North, then," said

Gurley, tipping his head to look up at the dark sky. "Any other point of the compass

would do as well, but the lichens on the

"Very well," said McA. dle, and he arose

and carried around his hat 101 the drawing.

"The Indians have me," confessed Gurley.

"And I've drawn the North," said Phoebe

"But who has drawn tears?" inquired Mc-

"This fellow will draw blisters," ex-

claimed Adam, dragging his brother's shoe from the coals. "He'd burn himself to

ashes, and set smokin' two or three days

before he found it out, if I didn't look after

Mose struck out at his brother with a fist

"Come, Moses," said Gurley; "let's have

"Oh, git out," muttered Mose, in discom-

"Some short and simple tale," added

"Oh, git out," repeated Mose, twisting un-

"If you have tears prepare to shed them

now," quoted McArdle,
"Oh, blame it, git out," growled Mose,

blank. "Here, Mose, give me your hat for a for

feit," said Phœbe White. "You'll redeem

it some way. They shan't drive you to tear while I am by. It is Mr. Gurley's turn."

me your attention and I will endeavor to fol-

low the war-path."

Adam or his sister kept skimming the

thick sirup, and the sound of the skimmer

on the sides, or the stirrer on the bottom, of

"Only a few miles from the place where

we now sit," said he, "there is, as you all

know, a mound so ancient that the aborigi-

nes of this country could give no account of

it, and it is believed to be the work of an ex-

Trees of centuries' growth spring from

"He's stealing bodily from pioneer pa-

pers," sighed Tom Holmes. "Mose, bring us a pitcher of fresh sugar-water. We all

love that mound. It has been written about

and photographed, but we like to rest our-

selves from it occasionally. We couldn't

keep house without that mound, but when

you attempt to give it to us for an Indian

story, Jack, you are taking a mean advant-

"Only a few miles from the place where

we now sit," repeated Gurley, with a deaf

expression of countenance, "there is a

mound so ancient that the aborigines of this

country could give no account of it. Trees

of centuries' growth spring from it, and it is

believed to be the work of an extinct race.

That ought to give me a fair start unless the

"The Gurleys were always horsey," commented Tom. "But I could stand tur

talk better than I can quotations from old

ested us greatly, and we laid up heaps of

knowledge; only, one of us became positive

that this old mound was merely a burial

place of the native Indians, and the other

became equally positive that it was of more

"After long quarreling we decided to dig

until we found proofs to satisfy us. But as

the law protected that mound from curious

investigation, we decided to say nothing

about our intentions, but to go quietly there

in the night, with pick and spade, and avoid

"It was fall, and hardly a leaf remained

on the sighing trees. I hugged my coat col-

lar up to my ears, not because I was cold.

at because the weirdness of the woods and

season drove one in on himself. We found

the spot previously agreed upon, and both of

us fell to work, digging straight downward

Our slide-lantern was shut up and set at hand

to flash on our discoveries. Before long we

stood to sur waists in the hole, and then to

our armpits. The Familiar, being corpulent

and lazy, now climbed out and said he would

"This story is a contemptible poor per

"It grows better as it gets on," promise

Gurley. "The lazy, fat Familiar, I said

opened the lantern slide and fatigued him

self throwing light into the hole while

threw dirt out. And presently the meta

struck something which rang in response.

The Familiar squatted in excitement and

hissed directions over my panting head,

threatening me with his lantern because

I did not upheave the whole find at once

The spade scooped a great head over: and

it continued turning slowly as if by its own

will. The top of a helmet, on which I had

been clinking, remained intact, but the lower

part, broke away and an under jaw fell from

its ancient repose, shedding teeth on the

culiar metallic thrill. The skull was gi-

gantic. We turned it in the lantern light.

pade with the rattle of over-ripe peas.

formance," continued Tom Holmes.

judges persist in ringing me back."

age of local weakness."

pioneer papers."

disturbing people.

hold up the lantern."

the rettle was Gurley's accompaniment.

is sudden," said Gurley. "But give

Mose gladly gave up his hat, and ca

his shaggy head nearer the fire,

looking helplessly on all sides of him.

suggested Adam secure in havin

Holmes; "only let it be calculated to touch

which revealed the third penciled slip.

north side of this tree spoke first."

ardle, looking carefully around.

tims may have a straw to cling to."

pencil. "Subjects are in order."

"Injuns!" spoke up Mose.

to Mose," remarked Adam.

fortable smile.

more will do."

night,' hissed the Familiar, 'while I hold the lantern for you, if you'd only put to it. I hope the whole skeleton is in mail and as Trouble, trouble, effort double; trouble, well preserved as the head. This proves my theory that Indian tribes buried their dead in mounds, and some of them had reached a high state of civilization.'

"'Don't deceive yourself,' said I. 'This proves my theory that an ancient race made this continent great when the old world was plunged in barbarism.' "I threw out a shovelful of earth, and felt

Eairfield

his length in a week.

as if I had struck somebody. The Familiar lifted his lantern and flashed it around. We both saw, standing in unwinking gravity on the ridge of fresh earth, a tall Indian who never moved a muscle while the lantern pierced him. The Familiar turned our light around the circle of the pit, and be-hold, we were surrounded by a ring of savages. The searching lantern revealed their war-paint, their steady glittering eyes, their moccasin thongs and even tiny wrinkles in

"Neither the Familiar or I spoke; we felt under a spell. When the Familiar was pushed into the pit, almost smothering me. I thought it was a trick. But some hand took my spade, and earth showered back into that hole with terriffic swiftness. We endured the shower of clay, tramping it under our feet in a dance so rapid, or we should have been buried. The Familiar, as if bewitched, still moved his lantern around in a circle and there stood every brave motionless while the spade clinked and the dirt fell in. In a brief time we stood on level earth, still tramping earth where the hole had been. But then the lantern was flung against a tree, the Indians seized us and we were tied to saplings before I could realize any thing except a deer-hide throng which

cut palpably into my wrist.
"The elder Indians stood in a group, while limber, young ones collected chunks, twigs, whole stumps, to wall us in for burning. Instead of preparing my mind for death I found myself ruminating on the Familiar's immense capacity for combustion, and wondering if he would not burn up richly like a

barrel of tar. "As our fires mounted so did the spirits of our captors, who were so determined to keep from the white man the secrets of their ancient land. They danced and threw tomahawks awhile; then they paused and two circles and all blew the flames. I can still see those aquiline noses bent to earth, those leathern cheeks distending and collapsing as they blew. But that ghostly fire of the past, rubbed in the beginning out of two hard sticks, would not take hold of the breathing present. It failed even to warm us. And when those wretched beings became convinced of that fact, they rose with one accord and tomahawked each other and threw each other into the fire, in true Indian fashion, until the Familiar and I were walled about by their charred figures and not one brave was left." "I don't believe there's a word o' truth in

it," commented Mose. "How can you be so incredulous?" re-"Why, it don't stand to reason," argued

"Imagination," said McArdle, spreading his hands airily, "is a fine thing, Moses." "Oh, isn't it!" murmured Phoebe, watchthat you can step into out of any thing. May be Lazarus had his head in such a pal ace. Whatever your self lacks you wil

So that it seems as if God gave us a sixth sense with which we can enjoy things we don't possess."

"What on earth is the girl talkin' about?" said Randy Thompson. "She is tuning her imagination for the story about the North," volunteered Gurley. "I thought one out a long while ago," said Phæbe, "when I was reading Scandinavian things-about Thor and Sif and Wodin-but

this is about a hill Troll" "Now, what's a hill Troll?" "He was a little spirit fellow, sometimes

good and sometimes bad, who lived inside a "There ain't none of them things," said Mose, with conviction. "There was this one Troll" insisted

Phœbe, "and he quarried rock. And one night when he put up his quarrying tools a wrinkled dwarf came and offered to show him away down in the heart of the earth a diamond finer than any the sun ever saw. He did not hesitate to follow the dwarf. 'And if I find that diamond, I'll put up my quarrying tools for a hundred years," said "They went down and went down until

the Troil began to distrust his guide and called a halt. They were under the very ribs of the earth. 'I'll go no further,' says "The dwarf laughed. 'Don't you hear booming sound?' says he.

"Well, that's the sound made by people on the other side of the earth trying to pick this diamond out.' "The Troll hurried on again until he felt smothered, and stopped again, saying: " 'I'll go no further.' " 'Don't you hear the lapping of water?'

cries the dwarf. "'Well, that's the wash of the open sea,

"Not many years ago the speaker was contending with men for this priceless youth who had a Familiar, and this Familiar, instead of being such a mentor as his "The Troll thought, if this way leads to age ought to have made him, acted rather the open sea, I can easily rise through that to the surface.' So on he went. "Tempt a mulish Gurley!" murmured "But presently they came under a rock "Mexican relics and Aztec tradition inter

dome hung with stony icicles, and at their feet lapped a reservoir of water full of human fragments and pieces of ships. "'Here's the end of the search,' grinned the dwarf. 'The diamond I brought you to seek is that whirling Maelstrom which outs its planes of waters on this coast. The way

is closed up behind you; now get out if you

can through the Maelstrom!' "Then the dwarf disappeared just as if there never had been a dwarf, and the Troll stood under the roar of the Maelstrom, his knees shaking; he felt himself a dead Troll. For in those days the Maelstrom was a boiling whirlpool miles in circumference. When sailors became suddenly aware of gliding across a field of water depressed toward some unknown center, they knew the Maelstrom had them. First she described a huge circle, as if swinging them around her vice tim's head. Then they felt her fury. She whirled and beat them, she rolled them over and crunched them in her awful jaws, out of which no ship or man ever rose again. "Pretty soon a voice near the Troll said: Who knows, Troll, but you may conquer this Maelstrom and quiet its rage for the

remainder of the centuries. "He looked around and saw a white child. You have worked in the quarries and knit your strength,' says the child, and I can show you the way to the ore-dwarfs, and in their furnace you will find a hammer and anvil ready for any body who wants to use them. Never mind what any dwarf does, but take your heart, your brain, your hands and feet one after the other, and best and

temper them on the anvil.'
They are all flesh,' objected the Troil. A nice temper I should beat into them on

says the child. 'You make yourself able to rise through the Maelstrom. men dig. The black fellows would seize jets

"We were wrapped in the emotions of the discoverer. I stooped down and took hold of the helmet, and I can still feel its peof fiery liquid, and leaping like meteors, fling them to force their way upward. They looked curiously at the Troll and made faces. But without speaking to them, he went to the hammer and anvil which the child showed him. These tools, while he worked with them, passed through all the colors of the rainbow. They must be made "Wait, Moses. Their moccasin soles of light,' he thought.

"He beat away on his heart, but the more

he thumped the larger it grew, and when he put it back into place it pushed out his Mose glanced behind him.
"I whispered to the Familiar that both of chest and lifted him off the ground. At that the Troll dropped his tools, dushed out us working together could hardly dig out of the furnace and threw himself across the reservoir, which opened into the sea, sure "'You could do it yourself in half the that he could face the Maelstrom. His light heart carried him straight up the whirlpool but before he had risen six fathoms he was pounded and suffocated—the sea threw him back into the reservoir and shook her witch's fist at him through the opening, as

if saying: 'Is that enough for you?' "The Troll limped back to the furnace where every grinning dwarf capered at him. But he hammered his brains and con densed them until they became magnetic forcibly drawing or repelling objects. And when he put them back in his head he saw himself differently, and did not attempt the whirlpool again until he had followed all the child's directions-beating his hands and feet to an amber glow, the very tint of

"Then he crept out and launched into the base of the Maelstrom. But it beat him down, and lashed him across the face with bodies, and stung him with sea-nettles, until he threw up his arms and was sucked among the dead in the reservoir, scarcely able to lift his nostrils over the brink. So stubborn was the Troll, however, that he crept again to the furnace, and this time the dwarfs stuck their flame-like tongues in his face, and bent over and slapping themselves and twisting their tiny black noses in de-

"Without watching them, the Troll tempered himself a third time. And after that trial of the Maelstrom he would not have lifted a finger for his life and the whole

"The child came and smoothed his bruised imbs, saying, 'Poor little hill Troll.' "'I'm ready to die,' said the Troll. But after he had rested a long time he added I'll die trying it, though.'

"Over and over he tempered himself, over and over he tried the Maelstrom, astonished to find how life and determination did linger n him, until he rose through the whirlpoo and drew up calm under his feet. To this day the Maelstrom remains conquered, and s no longer dangerous except in winter torms. And the whole world-who did not care a pin for the Troll when he was beaten just to death in his subterranean reservoirould not praise him enough."

[TO BE CONTINUED] Society's Latest Toy. "What is the bandurria?" was asked of well-known musical authority to-day. 'Well," he answered, "the name is of Italian origin, and not Spanish, as is generally supposed. The correct name for this little instrument is the bandora, or in Spanish, again, the bandolon. It s of the same family as the mandolin which it is destained to succeed as the favorite musical instrument among society people. Here and there names were derived from the East, where in the heydey of the Rensissance they became generally used to accompany the voice and support the recitals of improvisatore as well as solo performances. Although 'Panduro' appears in the Greek, it is not true Greek instrument, but an exotic. Pythagoras, writing about the Red Sea, states that the Troglodytes made the Pandoura of daphne or laurel, which grewnear the seashore. The idea of ension would seem to be inherent in the first syllable of names of the bandora or tamboura family, preserving in each instance so remarkable an identity. The body, the open strings producing four tones; it has thirt-five frets of thin cat-

gut bound around the neck and disposed for the intervals, smaller than half tones belonging to the Arabic scale." The bandurria has bounded in popuarity along the Pacific Coast. In San Francisco it has developed as a fashionable fad, completely overshadowing and eclipsing the ci-devant favorite, the babjo although it is much harder to learn. Its sweet and delicate tones lend themselves sympathetically to all Spanish airs and plaintive melodies. In the hands of a skilled performer, accompanied by tenor or mezzo-soprano, it is sure to evoke frequent encores. Nor is it to be despised for more ambitious productions. When the Bandurria Club of Chicago, composed of the best musical talent in upper social circles, gave a testimonial

concert recently the rendition of the "Miserere" from "Trovatore" was so exquisitely done on bandurries and guitars that there was scarcely a dry eye in the audience at the conclusion.

Robert Collyer on Labor. I have no hesitancy in saying that the

week days does better than the man new story—a story, perhaps, which, tells of the grand dignity of the worker, while she herself is unable to bake a loaf of broad or wash a shirt. The secret thread of this life of

nobility, my dear people—this life of labor—I feel as free to say as you are to hear, lies in the isolation of the vast and ever-growing working forces from those who employ them; and may I not say also that this general great contempt of labor is steadily eating like a cancer into the strong manhood of American citizens?

Be proud, my dear people, of the working folks in every calling, and do not forget that from their ranks have sprung the greatest minds in theology, science, literature and war. When I in memory recall my old friend Garfield, it is then that I recognize to what distinction and honor the laboring man can attain. I trust that ere long the silken thread of honest labor may weave a string which will in turn produce cable, and then a bridge, upon whose broad span one and all-labor and capital-may stand and cheerfully fra-

France is spending her season of peace in extensive preparation for war. The Senate has just unanimously voted the extraordinary army appropriations demanded by the Minister of war for the year 1888. These credits amount to 470,000.000 francs, of which the artillery get 234,000;000 francs and the engineers 236,000,000 francs. In asking for these sums M. de Freycinet, Minister of War, said to the Senate that they were intended to perfect the armament of the French troops and the completion of fortresses. "We must face manfully, added the Minister, "the eventualities in the presence of which we may find ourselves." These patriotic words produced the best effect upon the Senate.

Seabrin Stroke, an eccentric old cobbler in Jefferson, Ga., who still keeps at his trade, although eighty-nine years "So the Troll went to the furnace of the old, is a veteran three wars. He beat a ore-dwarfs. He saw them fuse and force drum in Jackson's army at the battle of into upper rock and soil the metals for which New Orleans, fought in the Mexican war and served with credit in the Confederate army through the war between the States. Despite his advanced age, he makes as good a shoe as any man in the

The All-Healing Springs, though right at the base of a mountain, are easily accessible by rail. See map in another column.

A MOMENTOUS MESSAGE.

THE NATIONAL DEMOCRACY TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

resentation to the President at Washinging of the Official Notification of His Renomination-Mr. Cleveland Receives the Delegation and His Answer is, as

Washington, June 26.—The National the fidelity and devotion to the pledges which then invited the suffrages of the Democratic Committee and the ratification committee appointed by the late Democratic Convention to notify Cleveland and Thurman of their nomination for President and Vice-President met at the Arlington Hotel to-day. The notification committee met at 10

clock with the Hon. P. A. Collins, of Massachusetts, in the chair and Thomas S. Pettit, of Kentucky, as secretary. proceedings were conducted in cret session. The committee adourned at 12 o'clock, and it was anounced that it had decided to notify the President at 2 o'clock to-day, and also to leave Washington to-morrow evening for Columbus, Ohio, to notify

Thurman. The letter of notification was submitted to the committee by Mr. Jacob, of Kentucky, and was accepted by the committee. The letter was signed by all those present. The committee also Whitney to visit his country home at Grasslands to-morrow afternoon.

The following is the notification com-Alabama, J. H. Caldwell; Arkansas, Wilson Hemingway: California, W. D. English; Colorado, C. Barela; Connectient, W. H. Barnum: Delaware, E. B. Cochran; Florida, J. B. Prout; Georgia, John Triplett; Illinois, J. S. Ewing; Indiana, A. W. Conduitt; Iowa, W. W. Baldwin; Kansas, S. F. Neely; Kentucky, C. D. Jacobs; Louisiana, John Fitzpatrick; Maine, R. W. Black; Maryland, Wm. S. Wilson; Massachusetts, Charles D. Lewis; Michigan, S. F. Mc-Garry; Mississippi, John W. Allen; Minnesota, John Lutewig; Missouri, J. N. Burts; Nebraska, John McShane; Nevada, James S. Mooney; New Hamp-shire, G. B. Chandler; New Jersey, Moses Bigelow; New York, Solomon Schen; North Carolina, T. W. Strange; Ohio, M. V. Ream; Oregon, J. L. Cowan; Pennsylvania, R. S. Patterson; Rhode Island, Isaac Bell, Jr.; South T. Bryan; Texas, W. H. Pope; Vermont, J. D. Hanrahan; Virginia, B. B. Wisconsin, R. R. Kirkland; District of the plea of the people for justice and for Columbia, Lawrence Gardner; Utab, justice and for right. Arizons, G. G. Berry; Washington Territory, J. J. Browne; Montana, James Snilivan; New Mexico, Ratael Romero; Idano, John John M. Selcott.

cky: Basil Gordon, Virginia. All the members of the committee were present at the meeting this morning excepting E. B. Cochran, J. B. Proutt, John Fitzpatrick, Solomon Schen

and J. L. Cowan.

The notification committee, accom-panied by mambers of the National bia Democretic Club of the District of Columbia, met at the Arlington Hotel at 1.30 o'clock this afternoon and, forming into pairs, marched to the White the perversion of all it ought to be; but House. They were ushered into the I did not know how much its moorings ing into pairs, marched to the White East room and ranged themselves in a circle in the south end of the room. Palms filled all the windows and alcoves in that portion of the room, and potted plants decorated the mantels. THE PRESIDENT APPEARS.

The President was notified of their arrival and descended to the East room, accompanied by the following-named

Mrs. Cleveland, the Rev. Wm. N Cleveland, the President's brother, and his wife, of Forestport, N. Y., Mrs. W. E. Hoyt, the President's sister, of Fayetteville, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. Lamont, Mr. W. S. Bissel, of Buffalo, all man who builds a strong, straight wall of whom were present at the ratification of his first nomination; Mr. Bayard, who preaches a weak sermon on Sun- Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, Mr. and Mrs. days; that the maid in the kitchen work- Whitney, Mrs. Endicott, Mr. Vilas, Mr. ing faithfully takes a far higher rank and Mrs. Dickinson, Mr. Benjamin than the young ladies in the parlor who Folsom and Speaker Carlisle. Their dawdle through the days reading the last approach was the signal for a general clapping of hands on the part of the visitors, and as soon as the party had taken their places Gen. Collins stepped forward and addressed the President as

CHAIRMAN COLLINS'S SPEECH.

"Mr. Cleveland, we come as a comnittee authorized and instructed by the National Democratic Convention recently held at St. Louis to convey formal notice of its action in naming you for the office of President of the United States during the next four years. "It would ill become the occasion or

your presence to express at length the you, avoid a single consequence of a fair ull meaning and significance of that great assembly. Its expression will be found and heard elsewhere and otherwise, from now till that day in November when this free and intelligent people. will record their approval of your great services as Chief Magistrate.

"We beg to congratulate you upon this hearty and unanimous endorsement of your course as President by the great historic party to which in all the days of your manhood you have belonged, and to congratulate the country upon the assured continuance of your wise, just and patriotic administration. THE LETTER OF NOTIFICATION.

Upon concluding Mr. Collins intro-duced Chas. D. Jacob, of Kentucky, who read the following letter of notifica-

Washington, June 26,-1888.

To the Hon. Grover Cleveland, of New York-Sir: The delegates to the National Democratic Convention, representing every State and Territory of our Union, having assembled in the city of St. Louis on the 5th inst. for the purpose of nominating candidates for the offices of President and Vice-President of the United States, it has become the honorable and pleasing duty of this committee to formally announce to you that without ballot you were by acclamation chosen the standard-bearer of the Democratic party for Chief Executive of this country at the election to be sor to an office, the duties of which, political parties and methods after twenty-four years of uninterrupted domination. This exaltation is, if possible, added to by the fact that the see, R. F. Looney; Texas, O. T. Holt; See, R. F. Looney; See, R. F. Looney; Texas, O. T. Holt; See, R. F. Looney; Texas, O. T. Holt; See, R. F. Looney; See, R. F. Looney; Texas, O. T. Holt; See, R. F. Looney; Texas, O. T. Holt;

expenses of the Government, throws kendall. down a direct and defiant challenge for The committee decided to postpone an exacting scrutiny of the administra- the election of officers until the evening tion of executive power, which four session and then adjourned. years ago was committed in its trust to the execution of Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, and for the most searching inquiry concerning

Aff engrossed copy of that platform, adopted without a dissenting voice, is

herewith tendered to you. In conveying, sir, to you the responsible trust which has been confided to them, this committee beg, individually an I collectively, to express the great pleasure which they have felt at the results atter ding the National Convention of the Democratic party, and to offer to you their best wishes for official and personal success and happiness. We have the honer, sir, to be your obedient servants.

(Signed by all the members of the com-

Mr. Thomas S. Pettit, secretary of the notification committee, then presented Mr. Cleveland with a handsomely engrossed copy of the platform adopted at the National Democratic Convention. THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY.

The President then said: "I connot but be profoundly impressed when I see about me the messengers of the National Democracy bearing its summons to duty. The political party to accepted an invitation from Secretary which I owe allengiance both honors and commands me. It places in my hand its proud standard, and bids me bear it high at front in a battle which it wages bravely because, conscious of right, confidently

because its trust is in the people, and soberly because it comprehends the ob igations which success imposes. "The message which you bring awakens within me the liveliest sense of personal gratitude and satisfaction, and the honor which you tender me is in itself so great that there might well be no room for any other sentiment. And yet I cannot rid myself of grave and serious thoughts when I remember that party supremacy is not alone involved in the conflict which presses upon us, but that we struggle to secure and save the cherished institutions, the welfare and happiness of a nation of freemen. Familiarity with the great office which I hold has but added to my apprehension of its sacred character and the consecration demanded of him who assumes its immense responsibilities. It Caroline, Leroy Springs; Tennessee, M. power. Within its vision should be the protection and welfare of the humblest citizen; and with quick earit should catch Gordon; West Virginia, B. F. Harlow; from the remotest corner of the land the

"For the sake of the peo holds this office of theirs should resist every encroachment on its legitimatè functions, and for the sake of the integri- son high school there was a large graduty and usefulness of the office it should be kept near to the people and be administered in full sympathy with their wants

and needs. "This occasion reminds me most vividly of the scene when, four years ago, received a mossage from to that which you now deliver. all that has passed since that day I can truely say that the feeling of awe with remaining three were discovered to have which I heard the summons then is in-

tensified many fold when it is repeated "Four years ago I knew that our chief executive office, if not carefully guarded, might drift little by little away from the people to whom it belonged and become years ago how well devised were the true principles of true Democracy for the successful operation of government by the people and for the people, but I did not know how absolutely necessary their their application then was for the restoration to the people of their safety and extravagances had crept into the management of public affairs, but I did not know their numerous forms nor the tenacity

of their grasp. "I knew then something of the bitter ness of partisan obstruction, but I did not know how bitter, how reckless and how shameless it could be [Prologed ap-

plause. "I knew, too, that the American people were patriotic and just, but I did not know how grandly they loved their country, nor how noble and generous they were.

"I shall not dwell upon the acts and the pollcy of the Administration now drawing to a close. Its record is open to every citizen of the laud. And yet I will not be denied the privilege of asserting at this time that, in the exercise of the high trust confided to me, I have yielded obsdience only to the Constitution and the solemn obligation of my oath of office. I have done those things which, in the light of the understanding God has given me, seemed most conducive to the welfare of my countrymen and the promotion of good governme... I would not if I could, for myself nor for interpretation of my course. "It but remains for me to say to you,

and though you to the Democracy of the | choked to death." nation, that I accept the nomination with which they have honored me and that I will in due time signify such acceptance in the usual formal manner." AFTER THE SPEECHES.

The President's remarks were made in an earnest and emphatic manner, and were frequently interrupted by applause. This closed the speech-making, and then all present proceeded to the State dining room and partook of light refreshments. Afterwards the committees became the guests of the Columbia Club and were with some degree of curiosity. Lifting driven about the city. the cloth, he started back, turned to the

THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE The national Democratic committee met at the Arlington Hotel at noon today, and remained in session about an hour and a half. The Hon. William H. Barnum presided, and E. B. Dickinson, of New York, acted as secretary. The following of a woman burned by the explosion of

members were present: Alabama, Henry D. Clayton, Jr; Cali fornia, M. P. Tarpey; Colorado, T. M. Patterson, proxy; Connecticut, Wm. H. Barnum; Florida, Samuel Pasco; Georgia, John H. Estill; Illinois, E. M. Phelps; Indiana, S. P. Shearin; Iowa, J. J. Richardson; Kansas, C. N. Blair, Kentucky, H, D. McHenry; Louisiana, N. C. Blanchard, proxy; Maine, Arthur Sewell; Maryland, A. P. Gorman; Masther opinion that he died simply because sachusetts, Charles D. Lewis: Michigan, held in November next. Great as is O. M. Barnes; Minnesota, A. P. Gorman, ting out of it."-Detroit Free Press. such distinction under any circum- proxy; Mississippi, C. A. Johnston; Misstances, it is more flattering and pro-found when it is remembered that you McShare; New Jersay, Miles Ross; New have been selected as your own succes- | York, Herman Oelrichs; North Carolina, M. W. Ranson; Ohio, Calvin S. Brice: always onerous, have been rendered of Oregon, A. Coltner; Pennsylvania, W. an extraordinary sensitive, difficult and L. Scott; Rhode Island, J. B. Barnabay; lelicate nature, because of the change of | South Carolina, F. W. Dawson; Tennes-

declaration of principles, based upon your last annual message to the Congress of the United States relative to tariff reduction and diminution of the tariff reduction and diminution of the congress of the

The committee met again at 10.30 to-

night and remained in session until after midnight. The committee was called to order by Senator Gorman, and proceeded at once to the election of a permanent chairman. Mr. Earbour, of Vizginia, nominated William H. Barnum, of Connecticut, and his motion was seconded by Mr. Tarpey, of California, and others, whereupon Mr. Barnum was elected by a rising vote. A committee, with Mr. Gorman as chairman, was appointed to nominate a secretary and assistant secretary of the committee, and subsequently reported the names of S. P. Sherin, of Indiana, as secretary, and E. B. Dickinson, of New York, as assistant secretary, and they were immediately elected.

At the suggestion of Gen. Collins the Chair was authorized to appoint a committee of fifteen to accompany the notification committee to Columbus to notify Mr. Thurman of his nomination: On motion of Mr. Pasco Chas. J. Canda, of New York, was re-electred treasurer of the committee. On motion of Mr. Gorman the Chair was authorized to appoint an executive committee of twenty: one members to take general charge of the affairs of the campaign, and also to appoint a committee of seven, to be known 23 the "campaign committee, which committee is empowered to select such persons, not members of the committee, as they may deem necessary to aid them in campaign work. The chair man was made ex-officio chairman of the

committee of twenty-one. A committee of three, consisting of Messrs. Barnum, Oelrichs and Dawson was appointed to select the committee's headquarters in New York city. On motion of Mr. Patterson, of Colorado, the silver gavel presented to the National Democratic Convention by the Colorado delegate, and now in the custody of the national committee, was presented to Gen. P. A. Collins, chairman-of the Convention. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Gorman, Ransom, Barbour, Pasco, Faulkner and Dickson, was appointed to represent the committee at the Conventien of the Democratic clubs in Baltimore on July 4. After the transaction of considerable routine business the committee adjourned, subject to the call of the Chair.

A Hubbub in the Paterson High School. The Paterson high school for girls is is the repository of the people's will and in a state of ferment. Thirteen pretty would-be "sweet girl graduates" are bathed in tears, and thirteen irate parents are reaming about with six-chambered revolvers, muskets, big sticks, horse-whips and other things, vowing all kinds of vengeance upon the stony-hearted exupon the probity or scholastic qualifications of their daughters. In the Paterating class, composed of some of the prettiest girls to be met with anywhere

pretty. the idols were shattered beyond all re change small talk and gossip. They stop unable to answers the questions put

obtained the majority of their arswers from older and wiser girls. D. Rheinhardt, the principal examiner, was placed in a position of peculiar embarrassment, but decided that he must be square. The result was that the whole

thirteen are left out in the cold. But like all women they would not own to being fairly beaten and with heart had already been loosened. I knew four rending sobs poured out the story of man's inhumanity upon the maternal shoulders. Then the thirteen papas of of the thirteen damsels called upon the Board of Education. The Board met in full conclave and decided, in face of Dr. Rheinhardt's protests, upon letting the three little plagiaristic damsels through, prospeity. I knew then that abuses and on the principle, expounded by the chairman, that "all girls copy each other's work." Then they dried their eyes and went home flashed with their triumph over the tyranny of the examiners. As to the unhappy ten who couldn't answer the questions, even with the aid

of the others, it is understood that they will be allowed a chance to present themselves for re-examination and may graduate next September.

Some Queer Verdicts. The duties of those who serve on coroner's juries do not ordinarily suggest anything very funny, and yet some laughable results come from their work, particularly if they do not exactly understand

what was expected of them. An amusing story is told of a verdict brought by a Western jury impaneled to inquire into the cause of the death of a man supposed to have committed suicide. The verdict was brief and to the point, the foreman saying simply: "We, the jury, find the deceased guilty as charged.'

Another jury exmined a great many witnesses in the case of a man run over by a railroad engine. The verdict was 'We find him to have come to his death by being cut in two by a railroad engine whereby he could not breathe, hence he A coroner's jury in the backwoods of

Missouri heard all the evidence in the case of a man killed by a runaway team and brought in the following verdict: "The jury finds the deceased to have come to his death at the hands of a run-

away team, the horses therefore being blameless, they being frightened by dog." It is told of an old German that he sai stolidly and stupidly on a coroner's jury and listened to all the evidence, after which he walked over toward the corpse

other jurymen in amazement and affright, and cried out: "Mine Gott, shentlemen, dot man i

ead!" A jury in a Missouri rural community deliberated three hours over the corpse a kerosene lamp. The following verdict was then announced in writing: "Resolved, That the diszeased

burnt to death. The joory," A man supposed to be a tramp was found dead in the woods out West. A jury inquired into the cause of his death, and reported as follows:

his time had come and there was no ger

today Mr. Colquitt introduced an amendment to the appropriation bill, authorizin? the appointment of Commissioners to the October and November next; also, direct-

WHAT A WOMAN EATS AND DRINKS. It is Often Something That Would Make

an Ostrich Pale. (From the New York Times.) "The ordinary woman must have a digestive apparatus similar to that supposed to be enjoyed by the ostrich," was the suggestive comment made yesterday by the proprietor of a fashionable restau-

ant in the shopping district up-to vn.

He was checking off the day's orders as he spoke, and a Times reporter hear-ing the remark naturally followed it up. "Why?" repeated the caterer. "Well, I'll just show you. All orders here are written, you know, consequently the ladies have put their testimony in black and white. Here are some of their lunches: Bouillon and pistache ice cream.' Fancy a man putting that combination in his stomach to nourish him for a day's tramp. Here's another: 'Strawberry short cake and a cup of chocolate that was the first course, followed by 'cream meringne and a lemon' ice.' I'd like to bet that women will be visited by both her ancestral grandmothers to-

"Here's, an order in swell English handwriting for a goblet of iced milk and an extra porterhouse steak. Nothing else. Enough to kill her? Fshould say so. This extraordinary female relished a chicken salad and a cup of tea; this one reveled in fried Little Necks and pineapple ice cream; and a third went from hadroe to charlotte russe without stopping at any intermediate stations." "What's the trouble with the ladies?"

asked the reporter; "ignorance or econ-"Both," was the emphatic reply. "They come in here and puzzle over th carte for fifteen minutes and then order consomme and frozen custard. Desert every woman must have, and the con-somme or chop or bit of fish is a delicate attempt to lead up to the sweets. They have no conception of seasonable food. either. They ask for mince pie in June and iced tea in December. In August, when I have exhausted every resource at hand to reduce the temperature of the place, they rush in flushed and gasping and call for a fan and a cup of hot choc-

"Few men eat here during the day, but when one does accompany a lary the order shows at once his prese can tell, too; nine times out of ten, if the man is the husband or only the fiance. If the latter, the young woman orders in a lavish, generous way that is most agreeable to my professional taste; but when mademoiselle becomes madame she contents herself with a modest luncheon. That is the time the husband is reckless and spring lamb, early strawberries, and

other expensive delicacies just about fill the bill for him. "As a rule, however, my patrons during the day are ladies. I had to get used to them. It took me some time, but I've learned the ropes, and I let them run the thing pretty much as they want to now. From before 12 to 3 o'clock every day my place is filled with women, and

by George! they have a good time if I "They sit forty minutes sometimes over a 25-cent order. They meet people whom they know and block the aisless The annual examination came on and and delay the waiters while they ex-

them, and, of course, did not pass. The property ask me where I cay remaining three were discovered to have for compensation, of course, to disclose the recipe of a delicious souffle they had just eaten.

"I blandly reply that every losf. of bread is made upon the premises, and that my cook, who is a chef, creates those souffles without other recipe than his own high art. 'No ordinary cook, madame,' I will conclude sympathetically, 'could produce the same results from the same ingredients." "Which is a lie, of course," put in the

reporter. "Partially," said the restaurateur with a deprecating gesture, "you know I could not give away my kitchen secrets, and, besides, that woman will come again to eat that soulle and tell her friends about it and get them to come, all because of the little mystery I know about it. Curious lot, these women." finished the caterer, generalizing broadly. "Rather a paying lot, too," suggested

the reporter, glancing at the prosperous aspect of the place. The proprietor laughed as he leaned over the deak.

"I have just leased the place for another ten years," he said.

An old fellow who was running a sawmill down in the southern part of Teanessee had considerable trouble in getting a man who understood the business of sawyer. Finally, when the owner of the mill had become wholly discouraged, a respectible fellow came along and asked for a situation. He showed a paper from one of the leading millmen in the country, stating that the applicant was one of the best of sawyers. He was engaged, and when he had been at work about three weeks the proprietor called him one

"Mr Collier, you needn't go to work o-day." "Are you going to shut down?" "Yes, so fur ez you are consarned."

"What, you don't want me any longer?" "Yes, that's it." "Why haven't I been giving satisfac "O yas, so far ez yo' work goes."

"Then what is the matter?" "Well, I have noticed that you put on oo many shirts.' "I don't understand you." "Wall, you change yo shirts too often. You have been workin' here now three

weeks, an' I notice that you put on a clean shirt about every eight days." "But, my gracious, is there anything wrong in that?" "To some folks thar mouten't be, but thar is to me. A feller came along here

once and changed his shirt every twelve days."
"Well," said the sawyer, "what else did he do?" .

"Run away and married my daughter, that's what he done. Then thar come along a feller that changed his shirt 'bout ever ten days. He run away with my wife. Then another felle: that changed his shirt about ever nine days run away with my pocket-book containing fifteen dollars; so I find that the of ner a man changes his shirts the worse he is, an' fearin' that you mout run away with my mule-colt, I recon you better go now, while I've got my eye on you.'

MOBILE, June 27 .- A rain storm yesterday and last night, lasting in all thirty-six hours, and at times approaching a deluge, was the heaviest rainfall ever recorded hele. During the time mentioned the rain WASHINGTON, June 28.—In the Senate eight hundredths. The streets through the day Mr. Colquitt introduced an amend city were flooded, and in a number of business houses damages occurred owing to leaking roofs. The Daily Register office, National Exposition at Augusta, Ga., in in course of construction, was flooded from top to bottom, and all the editors and compositors were driven out.

Ten cents worth of do is worth many